

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills.—These deservedly celebrated and popular medicines have effected a revolution in the healing art, and proved the fallacy of several maxims which have for many years obstructed the progress of medical science. The false supposition that "Consumption is incurable" deterred physicians from attempting to find remedies for that disease, and patients afflicted with it reconciled themselves to death without making an effort to escape from a doom which they supposed to be unavoidable. It is now proved, however, that Consumption can be cured, and that it has been cured in a very great number of cases (some of them apparently desperate ones) by Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone; and in other cases by the same medicine in connection with Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, one or both, according to the requirements of the case.

Dr. Schenck himself who enjoyed uninterrupted good health for more than forty years, was supposed at one time to be at the very gate of death, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless, and abandoned him to his fate. He was cured by the aforesaid medicines, and, since his recovery, many thousands similarly affected have used Dr. Schenck's preparations with the same remarkable success.

Full directions accompany each, making it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck unless patients wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, day, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists. 1-44

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 28th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:
 For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 and 7.55 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.40 and 3.57 p. m.
 For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.
 For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 4.40 p. m.
 For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.
 The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and 7.55 p. m. trains have through cars for New York.
 The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.30 a. m.
 For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.30 a. m.
 For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m. 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville, at 6.15, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m.
 And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 4.05 a. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 9.00 p. m.
 The 2.30 a. m. train from Allentown and the 4.40 a. m. train from Reading do not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.00 p. m.
 Via Morris and Essex Hill Road.

J. E. WOOTEN,
 General Superintendent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.

Mifflintown Acc. 7.19 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Johnstown Express 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Atlantic Express, 10.02 p. m., flag,—daily.

WEST.

Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily.
 Mifflintown Acc. 2.38 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (Flag),—daily, except Sunday.
 Pacific Express, 5.10 a. m., daily (flag).
 Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 15 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.
 J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, trains will leave Duncannon as follows:

EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 a. m.
 Johnstown Express 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mail 7.30 p. m., daily (flag).
 Atlantic Express 10.29 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.04 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.10 p. m.
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.35 p. m.
 W. M. C. KING, Agent.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his **Leather and Harness Store** from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

REDUCED PRICES.

Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition.
 Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.
 P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a specialty.
 JOS. M. HAWLEY,
 Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—1f

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,
 D. M. RINESMITH, Proprietor.

This well-known hotel has lately been enlarged, re-painted and re-fitted. Best accommodations afforded. Careful hostlers always in attendance. 933 1f

THE PERRY HOUSE

New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.,
 THOS. SUTCH, Proprietor.

WEST STREET HOTEL,

No. 41, 42, 43 & 44 West St.,

NEW YORK,

TEMPERANCE HOUSE, ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

ROOMS 50 and 75 cents per day. Charges very MODERATE. The best meats and vegetables in the market. BEST BEERS in the City.
 17 1/2 B. T. BABBITT, Proprietor.

JOB PRINTING of every description neatly executed on short notice and at reasonable rates at this office.

Perilous Prairie Adventure.

ON my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature; my knapsack, my gun and dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawn around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as myself. My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking behind the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met that day. The track that I had followed, was only an Indian trail, and as barrenness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night hawks were swimming over and around me attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howlings of wolves gave me some hope, that I should soon arrive at the skirt of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracted my eyes. I moved towards it full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken; I discovered by its glare that it proceeded from the hearth of a small Log Cabin, and that a tall figure passed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown around her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool and seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my attention was a fine formed young Indian, resting his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three racoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay but little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing their apathy of character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointing to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a racoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the chord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry I enquired what kind of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large and untanned buffalo hides lay in a corner. I drew a fine time piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate on her feelings with electricity. She told me that there was plenty of venison and buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I would find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstacy; spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, as I fancied myself,—in so retired a spot, secure, I paid but little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a supper of venison and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and re-passed me several times, and pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought an exclamation of anger. I looked at him; his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself; drew his butcher knife from its greasy scabbard; examined its edge as I would that of a razor suspected to be dull, replaced it and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger that I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of that number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might be on to-morrow, took my gun and left the cabin.

I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flint, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog by my side, lay down with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearance fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard and from the corners of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag upon a pole. They disposed of their burden and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal (meaning the Indian, whom they knew did not understand a word of English) was in the house. The mother, for so she proved to be, made them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the import of which I required but little shrewdness in me to guess.

The lads had eaten and drank themselves into such a condition that I already looked on them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of the dame, I hoped would reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to a grind stone and whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument until the cold sweat covered every part of my body in spite of a determination to defend myself to the last.

I turned, cocked my gun—locks silently touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first one that might attempt to take my life. The moment was fast approaching that might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparation for the rescue. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best mode of dispatching me, whilst her sons should be with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot, but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounded on my feet, and making them heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should arrive at that moment.

The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured and the woman in spite of her defence and vociferations shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy; and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep with pain he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave an account of their once having been in a similar situation. Day came fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives. They were now quite sobered, their feet were unbound, their arms securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as the Regulators are wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded well pleased, towards the settlement. During upwards of twenty-five years when my wanderings have extended to every part of our country, this was the only time my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed so little risk do travelers run in the United States that no one, born here, dreams of anything to be encouraged on the road. I only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Will you believe, good natured reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where fifteen years ago no habitation belonging to civilized men was expected, and very few seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has now converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort, is to be met with. So fast has improvement proceeded in our happy and abundant land.

What Editors Were Made For.

And now we discover the object of Providence in the creation of editors.—The editor affords a safe receptacle for all the small spite which it has pleased Providence to bestow on our race. A man says, "I don't dare to touch any of my neighbors. For reasons which I will not specify I do not wish to say anything to my wife. But I can write a letter and blow up the editor. If he has said, or allowed to be said, anything that is capable of an unfavorable construction, I can air my cheap loyalty and philanthropy and orthodoxy, and can call him all manner of names,—

Probably he will be too busy to reply, but I can hope and believe that I have made him wince, and the relief to me will be all the same." And what a delightful a thing it is to think that any one above the grade of—well, above a very low grade of intellect—can stop his paper.—Exchange

Woman's Worst Foe.

IT has been well said that of the worst foes that woman has ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, brought them more sorrow, shame and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to-day and sit in hopeless weeds because their husbands have been slain by strong drinking. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered all over the land in which women live lives of torture, undergoing all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because these whom they love, like wine better than the woman they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, for that step has learned to reel under the influence of seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink.

There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and the horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, of a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty (and not unfrequently the beggary,) the fear of violence, the lingering life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

Women, there are some things you can do, and this is one: You may make drinking unpopular and disgraceful among the young. You can utterly discountenance all drinking in your own house, and can hold in suspicion every young man who touches the cup. You know that no young man who drinks can safely be trusted with the happiness of any woman, and he is unfit as a man can be for her society. Have it understood that every drinking young man is socially proscribed. Bring up your children to regard drinking not only dangerous but disgraceful. Place temptation in no man's way. If men will make beasts of themselves, let them do it in other society than yours. If your mercenary husbands treat their customers from private stores kept in their counting rooms shame them into decency by your regard for the honor of your home. Recognize the living, terrible fact that wine has always been, and is to this day, the curse of you sex; and that it dries up your prosperity! that it endangers your safety; that it can only bring you evil. If social customs propel you to present wine at your feasts, rebel against it, and make a social custom in the interest of virtue and purity. The matter is very much in your hands. The women of the country, in what is called polite society, can do more to make the nation temperate than all the legislatures and tumultuous reformers that are struggling and blundering in their efforts to this end.

Brown's Matrimonial Method.

"BROWN, I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry?"

"Oh! that's simple enough. I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is that principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw. After this had been repeated a few times the cattle determined to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I

think they'd set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to them again. The plan always works first-rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry, I always give in and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."

The Locomotive vs. Superstition.

WHEN the Nicholas railway was constructed, in 1848, from St. Petersburg to Moscow, the work was done under contracts with American engineers and the cars and engines were supplied from Baltimore by the famous establishment of the Winans Brothers. The Russian priests oppose every modern innovation and, of course, they were "down" on the railway. When the road was opened they determined to stop it, and so they went in force to a point on the road and set up a holy picture to stop the work of the devil. The train came slowly along and the engineer, seeing the picture standing on the track, thought there must be a man behind it, and so came to a halt. The assembled multitude raised a shout and the priests called out that the saint was all-powerful and would prevail against wickedness. The officer in charge of the train came out and took a survey of the situation. Then he told the engineer to run back a quarter of a mile and bring the train to a halt. The shouting was redoubled and the priests were in the most rapturous delight. But their exultation was soon changed to grief as the master of the ceremonies told the engineer, "Put on all steam and go ahead without regard to the consequences." The engine went ahead and down fell the holy picture, torn and crushed by the wheels of an American locomotive. Modern civilization was triumphant and the priests and their followers no longer shouted in triumph.

Lightning in Steam.

It would startle many people who happen to see a locomotive blowing off steam in a railway station, if they were told that there is electricity enough generated in the discharge of steam to blow the whole train of carriages to atoms, if, instead of being discharged it were collected. The fact was first accidentally noticed by an engineer at Newcastle, who perceived sparks, which proved to be electrical, among the escaping steam. The discovery was confirmed by the construction of a hydro-electric machine in the shape of a boiler set on glass legs. The steam as it rushes out of the escape valve is received on a series of metallic points by which it is gathered and accumulated in the conductor, as in an ordinary electric machine, in which the electricity is generated by the friction of a glass plate or cylinder. Will engineers ever come to appreciate the fact that every locomotive carries the means of lighting itself far better and more cheaply than any lamp.

An Old Letter.

Somebody has discovered an old manuscript letter written by a young gentleman in Albany, New York, in November, 1807, to his grandmother.—Among other things which he tells his aged relative, is the latest river news of the day. He says that a boat has just been put upon the river to carry passengers to and from New York city, having sidewheels driven by steam, able to make the passage in about ten hours, and capable of carrying 50 or 60 passengers at a time, the price of passage being twelve dollars. He adds, that in competition with the fast and dear boat, a very nice sloop with fine accommodations has been put on the river, to carry passengers for seven dollars.

In a certain part of Ireland the peasantry are said to allay the pangs of toothache by repairing to the churchyard, taking a tooth from a skull, and laying it upon the throbbing tooth in their own heads. A hundred years ago, natural magnets were applied to aching teeth with the utmost success. During the operation the patient must have his face turned to the earth. These remedies are probably quite as efficacious as the thousand and one infallible nostrums to be found in our shops.

Several weeks ago a young man in Oakland, Cal., came very near putting out his eye while taking off his shirt, the spiral portion of the stud catching under the lid. He has been confined to the house for three weeks, under the treatment of an oculist, and his eye has been saved, though the escape was a narrow one.